



ABOUT TO START.

This Remarkable Photograph Shows Miss Quimby Just About to Begin Her Flight from England to France. The Tense Attitudes of the Men Holding the Aeroplane Are Wonderfully Brought Out and as Worthy of Study as a Painting.

# AN AMERICAN GIRL THE FIRST TO FLY THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

Remarkable Photographs of Harriet Quimby's Trip by Aeroplane from England to France



"IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"

Even so Daring an Air Woman as Miss Quimby Is Not Exempt from Feminine Vanity.

MAX NORDAU agrees with Professor Rudolph Hensingmuller of the Vienna university, that women will make the best aviators, that their inherent feminine qualities will eventually secure to them the domination of the sky. Glen Curtiss and Grahame White totally disagree with this opinion. In fact, all men aviators dislike seeing women "in the air." Woman's place is on earth, say these experienced adventurers.

But Miss Harriet Quimby's wonderful exploit in flying the English channel, succeeding in her first attempt, where many men have failed, would seem to support Professor Hensingmuller's theory. Miss Quimby's exploit places her far ahead of all other "lady birds," of all countries. If men who fly are called bird-men, shall we not call women who fly lady birds?

It was the lady bird who first set women the example of flying home.

This venturesome flight across the English channel, a feat that startled the world, was the logical sequence to this American girl's former experiences in the air. She was the first woman granted a license in America. She flew across the Narrows from Staten Island to South Brooklyn and back last August, just after securing it, but that was as nothing compared with her latest exploit. The English channel is the body of water connecting the North sea with the Atlantic ocean. It is twenty-three miles wide at its narrowest part and a hundred miles at its widest. The winds are rough and variable. It is also a region of fogs. Several Frenchmen attempted this perilous trip and failed before one of them succeeded. Because of the dangers, and be-

cause she did not want to try in public and fail, Miss Quimby kept her plans secret. Only two women friends and half a dozen men knew what she hoped to do. Finally, after waiting eight dreary days at Dover, the day arrived when she felt she could make a safe and sane flight, incidentally breaking a few records and causing a thrill of pride in the breasts of American sportsmen.

It was a cloudy day, but there was no fog and the winds seemed normal. It was also very early in the morning when Miss Quimby slipped into her trousered costume and tested her machine. She took no one with her. Her machine, a Bleriot, was a new one. She had never been in it before!

"I was not a bit nervous," said Miss Quimby afterward, "the trip was just as easy as sitting at home in an arm-chair, and I never had any doubts of my success."

The course was set over historic Dover Castle, the Lady Bird intending to have her breakfast in Calais, but fog and wind changed her plans and course. Just beyond the castle turrets, just as the gray water appeared beneath her, she ran into variable winds. It took all Miss Quimby's cleverness and nerve to get through this unpleasant tract, for the breezes were decidedly gusty, but she was up and out before they did her any harm, and pelting hard for Calais and breakfast. Some one asked Miss Quimby afterwards how the channel looked. She shrugged herself and said, "I never saw it! No doubt it was there and looked fine, but I was not looking at views just then."

Just when the Bleriot was going for all it was worth, she ran slap bang in a thick fog and right there she decided that she would drink no coffee in Calais that day, perhaps never! Contrary to her instructions from her instructor she flew higher to avoid the fogs, finally reaching 2000 feet. Even then she could not see clearly, but sailed on, trusting to luck.

Suddenly the mists cleared, and right below her were tidy green fields, and for the nonce, the plucky flyer thought that she was back again over England. Then things became clearer and she saw a quaint fishing village, just beneath her, so with a long turn, she slid slowly to earth, landing on a beach among the curious fisher folk. They cheered her and smiled, but neither the flyer or the fishers could understand each other. They finally carried her off the beach as is shown in the picture.

It was the most remarkable feminine exploit of modern times. The Hensingmuller theory is certainly tenable after this exhibition of what a woman flyer can do.

Miss Quimby has had her license less than a year. She won it from the Aero club after a long flight. They do not care for lady birds at the club! She won and then made many exhibitions at fairs throughout the country. She flew in the moonlight and in the sunlight, in the rain and in fog. Nothing daunted her. She made altitude and endurance records. Her friend, Miss Mathilde Moisant, whose brother was killed so tragically, competed against her very frequently. It does seem as though Miss Quimby would spend the greater part of her present life in the air. She is absolutely unafraid and agrees with Hensingmuller.

Miss Moisant, on the contrary, has given up flying. She said a few months ago, when announcing her decision, "The earth is bound to get us after a while, and so I shall give up before I follow my brother."



Miss Harriet Quimby, American Girl Who Has Won from All Other Women Aviators the Record for Performance and Daring.



Miss Quimby Climbing Into Her Aeroplane.



THE FINISH—The American Girl Being Carried in Triumph on the Shoulders of Her Friends After Landing in France.

